

# CHIRON

TO

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## A C H I L L E S

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## P O E M

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By HILDEBRAND JACOB, Esq;

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*Res est severa Voluptas.*

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L O N D O N.

Printed for JOHN WATTS at the Printing-Office in ~~Westgate~~  
near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

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ALICE LINDY HILL

THE LITTLE HOUSE

BY ALICE LINDY HILL

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE LINDY HILL

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## CHIRON to ACHILLES.



LD CHIRON to his Pupil thus  
began, When he beheld him rip'ning into  
Man.

Accomplish'd Youth! well worthy of my Pains  
You now are free, and guide your self the Reins  
Yet hear, *Achilles*, hear, before we part,  
A few, short Precepts from a faithful Heart.

What tho' the Gods a *Nestor's* Age deny?  
Let *Management* a longer Life supply,  
And learn, at least, to *live*, before you die.

## CHIRON to ACHILLES.

little Tract well till'd, more Profit yields  
Than Realms of wild, uncultivated Fields.

Tis not from length of Years our Pleasures flow,  
Nor to the Gods alone our Bliss we owe;  
Our Happiness, and Pain depend on us:  
Man's his own good, or evil *Genius*.

Great Ills by *Art* we lighten, or remove,  
And *Art* our meanest Pleasures may improve:  
Much to our selves is due, tho' much to *Jove*.}

Think not, young Prince, your elevated State,  
Birth, Honours, or the empty Name of *Great*,  
Can fix your Joys; they're ill secur'd, unless  
You know your self, to form your Happiness,  
Which in the Shepherd's humble Hut is found,  
While Palaces with Discord still resound.

*Fortune* to Industry is ever kind,  
And, tho' by the blind *Vulgar* painted blind,

## CHIRON to ACHILLES.

Is still more equal than the Croud suppose,  
Who judge of Happiness by outward Shows ;  
She smiles on all Conditions, each may be  
A Man of Pleasure in his own Degree.

Yet few with Art their Happiness pursue,  
Tho' all Mankind have Happiness in view,  
And ev'ry Sense seems made by *Nature's* Skill  
For giving Pleasure, and avoiding Ill.

*Nature*, our common Mother, has been kind,  
And for a Race of Joy her Sons design'd,  
Who long to reach the Goal, yet, lazy, lag behind,  
Or wholly blind, or doubtful how t'advance,  
They leave the Work of Industry to Chance.  
And of those few who with more active Strife  
Pursue this great, important End of Life,  
Some, too impatient, know not how to wait ;  
Or aim at things beyond their Humane State :

## CHIRON to ACHILES.

'hese last thro' too much Delicacy fall,  
And by refining rob themselves of all.

Shun then, *Achilles*, shun the Faults of such,  
Who still propose too little, or too much.

Stretch not your Hopes too far, nor yet despair;  
But above all, of *Indolence* beware.

Attend to what you do, or Life will seem

But a meer Vision, or fantastic Dream,

Pass'd in Ideas of Delight, at best,

While real Pleasure's lost in doubtful Rest.

In short, learn when, and how to bear; in vain

He Pleasure seeks, who is afraid of Pain;

*Pleasure's a serious Thing*, and cheaply bought

By Labour, Patience, Management, and Thought.

But you, aspiring Youth, by Nature seem  
Addicted to an opposite Extreme,

## CHIRON to ACHILLES.

Impetuous, and restless, soon inflam'd,  
And, like a gen'rous Courier, hardly tam'd;  
In all things violent: but, O! disdain,  
Brave Prince, to let usurping Passion reign,  
In one rash Moment sacrificing more  
Than Years of sad Repentance may restore.

As *Thracian* Winds the *Euxine* Sea molest,  
So Wrath, and Envy, from a Humane Breast  
Drive *Halcyon* Peace, and banish kindly Rest.  
And no Security for Joy is found,  
But in a Mind that's tractable, and sound.

SUPPRESS the first Emotions of your Ire,  
And smother in its Birth the kindling Fire.  
Ere Anger yet possesses all your Soul,  
Ere yet your Bosom heaves, and Eyeballs roll,  
Think on the useful Precepts, I have taught,  
And meet the rising Heat with wholsome Thought.

Or

## CHIRON to ACHILLES.

Or seek the sacred *Muses* with your Lyre,  
Who with sweet Peace to lonely Shades retire,  
Gods, and the Sons of Gods, the Heroes, sing,  
While Hills and Vallyes with their Praises ring,  
These learn to imitate, and Those adore,  
And sweetly to your Self, your Self restore;  
Music, and Verse, and Solitude controul  
Impetuous Fury, and compose the Soul.

For this, I early taught you how to sing,  
And form'd your Fingers to the trembling String;  
For 'tis not all sweet Pleasure's Paths to show,  
The Arts of Consolation Man should know:  
Our Joys are short, and broken; and in vain  
To constant Bliss would Humane Race attain:  
Be oft' contented to be free from Pain.

There is a Deity, ordain'd by Fate  
To damp our Joys immoderately great,

That

That none on Earth from Sorrow shou'd be free,  
But ev'n our Blessings taste of Misery.

If Fortune gives, what rarely we obtain,  
An equal Share of Pleasure, and of Pain,  
Our Portion is o'erpaid, the rest you'll find  
But fond Ideas of the wanton Mind,  
Which now vain Scenes of Godlike Pleasure shows,  
And now creates imaginary Woes.

When sad, your Ills examine, and compare,  
Judge of your own by what another's are.  
Consider greater Wretches, and the Fates  
Of mighty Heroes, and of mighty States;  
Thus real Evils in their proper Light  
Appear, the false thus vanish out of Sight.

Nor aim at Pleasures difficult to gain,  
Choose rather such you may with Ease obtain.

Who scorns to trifle, is by Pride abus'd:  
I pity him, who ne'er can be amus'd,  
But, slighting Pleasures moderate, and small,  
Must live in Rapture, or not live at all.  
Great Pleasures still are near ally'd to Pain:  
Who quits the peaceful Shore, and ploughs the  
Main,  
Big Waves, and mighty Tempests must sustain.

Let not such fond Ambition to be blest,  
The humbler Pleasures in your Power molest;  
Yet cherish Hope; for without Hope there's none:  
Taste Hope; but be not fed with that alone.

Some their whole Lives in Expectation spend,  
As Life were not begun, or ne'er wou'd end,  
Fondly from Day to Day themselves deceive,  
Not living, but intending still to live,

While

While they neglect the Joys they might possess,  
For empty Dreams of future Happiness.

Let *Nature* in your Pleasures be your Guide,  
Nor suffer *Art* her genuine Charms to hide:  
Her Beauties with unwearied Eyes we see;  
The *Truth* of Beauty is *Simplicity*.

Live not by Imitation, servile State!  
Nor on the Fashion for your Pleasures wait.  
Man, otherwise so selfish, and so proud,  
Submits his Taste to the fantastic Croud,  
And lives not for himself: do you pursue  
Your own Desires, and to your self be true.

As Bees extract their Sweets from ev'ry Flow'r,  
So you your Joys from all things in your Pow'r,  
With Industry and Management produce:  
The meanest Trifles are sometimes of use.

Yet

## CHIRON to ACHILLES.

Yet know well *what* you do, and *when* 'tis done,  
Nor at all Hours to ev'ry Pleasure run ;  
But mix with Art your Pleasures, and your Toils ;  
For Pleasures have their Seasons, and their Foils.

Thus when the earliest dawn of Eastern Light  
Proclaims the finish'd Empire of the Night,  
Haste to the Field, *Achilles*, nor disdain,  
To chace the foaming Monster o'er the Plain,  
Or teach the untam'd Steed to feel the Rein ; }  
Or let your Car, and Arms your Nerves prepare,  
Or for *Olympic* Games, or future War : }  
Then whether Arts, or Glory fire your Mind ,  
With Thoughts more generous, or more refin'd, }  
*Aurora* to the *Muses* still is kind. }

At Noon, a simple short Repast be made ;  
A shorter Slumber in the cooling Shade :

What's

What's gay and light, th' unbended Mind employ,  
Or Sports, or past, Delights, or future Joy.

But when the Ev'ning-Star begins to rise,  
When *Phœbus'* fainting Steeds forsake the Skies  
Still cheerful at the well-spread Board be found  
Amidst bright Friends, and with fresh Garland  
crown'd,  
While Wine, and *Thais* with her Voice and Lyre  
Banish old Sorrows, and new Joys inspire.

Thus when from Toils of Empire you are free  
Nor Camp, nor Council claim your Liberty,  
The Morn to *Labour* and the *Muses* give;  
At Noon with *Temperance* and *Quiet* live;  
*Ceres'* and *Bacchus'* Gifts at Ev'ning prove;  
Divide the Night with *Somnus*, and with *Love*.

D

Thus

## CHIRON to ACHILLES.

Thus, thus, *Pelides*, drive your Cares away,  
Nor feel the Evil, till the evil Day.  
What tho' on *Simois*, or *Scamander's* Shore,  
Far off from Home, the *Greeks* your Death de-  
plore? No matter where, or when; it once must be,  
And nothing can revoke the firm Decree.  
Tho' *Thetis'* Son, tho' third from mighty *Jove*,  
Eternal Monarch of the Realms above,  
Nor *Jove*, nor *Thetis*, can your Days recall,  
Or for an Hour defer your destin'd Fall.  
Mean while, a looser Rein to Pleasure give;  
Time flies in haste, be you in haste to live:  
Seize on the precious Minutes, as they fleet;  
Your Life, however short, will be compleat,  
If at the fatal Moment you can say,  
We *liv'd*, and made the most of ev'ry Day!

## CHIRON to ACHILLES

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One Precept more I fain wou'd recommend,  
And then old *Chiron's* tedious Lessons end.

Learn, gen'rous Prince, what's little understood,  
The Godlike Happiness of doing good.  
How glorious to defend, and to bestow!  
From nobler Springs can Humane Pleasure flow?  
A solid Good, which nothing can destroy,  
The best Prerogative the Great enjoy.  
For this, remember, Monarchs first were made,  
For this, young Prince, be lov'd, and be obey'd,  
At once your self, and mighty Nations bless,  
And make *Humanity* your Happiness.

But now *Aurora* ushers in the Day,  
And fond, expecting *Peleus* chides your Stay:

Go then, brave Youth, where'er the Fates may call;  
Live with Design, and fearless wait thy Fall.

Whatever

## CHIRON to ACHILLES.

Whatever Space of Life the Gods decree,  
Thy Name is still immortal; for I see  
More than another Peleus rise in thee.

Thy Fame the \* Prince of sacred Bards shall fire,  
Thy Deeds the + Conquest of the World inspire.

\* Homer! wofed of his friends of antiquity who  
+ By Alexander, who had Homer's Iliad always with him, proposing Achilles  
for his great Example.

A lot of good which nothing can destroy.

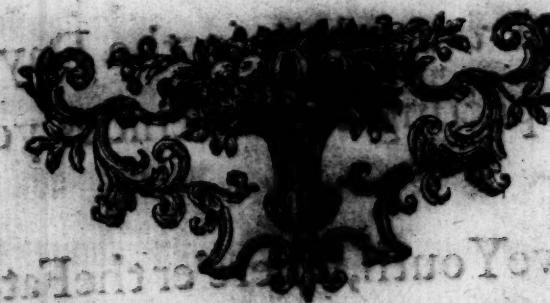
The best Persuasive the Great enjoy.

For this example more than any other  
Shows the more Mankind will obey.

For this young and bold  
FRIENDS.

At once your self and mine  
And make him your friend.

And make him your friend.



With the  
Tame with Deities and forgive me this life.

With the

